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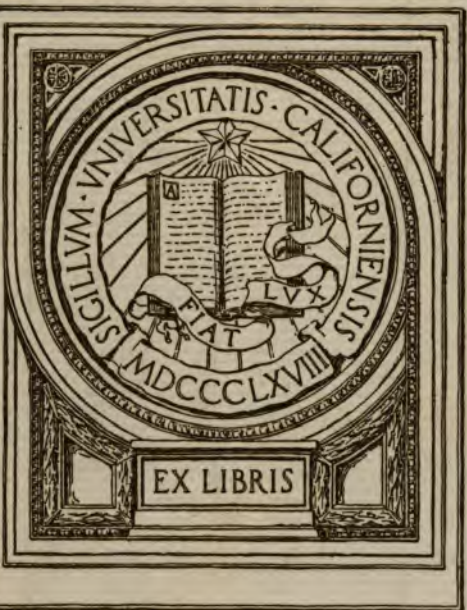

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"Mister" Fangle

And Other Verses

BY A SAN JOSE POET

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

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H. F. BERNARD

Class of 1887

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MISTER FANGLE: A SCHOOL-GIRL'S ROMANCE.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

Mary Sparker, for a starter,
Went with Fangleberg.
"Mister" Fangle used to dangle
On the road with her.

"Mister" Fangle liked to angle
For a pretty girl;
"Mister" Fangle—Jingle-Jangle—
Was the boy for her.

"Mister" Fangle used to wrangle
With the boys in town:
They said Fangle—Bingle-Bangle—
Kissed all the girls around.

But the girls with pretty curls
Did saucily declare
Of "Mister" Fangle—Dingle-Dangle—
They'd like to see him dare.

And then, again, they would explain,
('Twas thus the story ran)
That "Fang" was "sweet", just "fit to eat,"
But "perfect gentleman."

And furthermore, they would implore,
That even if he did,
That he was "right" and "out of sight,"
Though nothing but a kid.

But the boys, their mother's joys,
In such talk took no truck;
They knew the rule, "Fang" was no fool:
They wished they had his luck.

He might be "sweet" and "good" to eat"
(They'd not deny him praise)
He might be "right" and "out of sight,"
But still have winning ways.

They would admit he was a kid,
(They saw that at a glance)

If girls were wise, one would surmise,
They'd give a man a chance.

This good advice, within a trice,
Went straight to Mary's head:
She shook the boys and all their noise,
And married a man—instead.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

(Written to Mrs. A. M. Prosser, for Dr. S. S. Prosser).

My dearest Mother, sweet and fair,
I'm thinking of the vacant chair,
That now in Oakland waits for me,
But—oh! alas! must empty be.
I am not dead nor drunk nor sick,
Nor just become a benedict:
No sweet-heart chains me to her side,
Nor claims my love, this Christmastide.
But patients—listen—one, two, three,
All sick to death, have claims on me:
I dare not venture from their side,
Nor be with thee, this Christmastide.
Poor Briggs has got a ruptured skin,
(I think he fell and hurt his shin)
The others are too sick to tell,
And need my aid to get them well.
So, Mother dear, you must be fair:
I cannot fill that vacant chair.
My Spirit, though, shall linger near—
Shall mingle with the Christmas cheer—
And so entrance my presence, there:
Fancy shall fill my vacant chair.

TO A LITTLE GIRL.

Sweet Little Girl, so bright and fair,
I wish you adways little were:
For when you're grown,
And Childhood's flown,
And Womanhood shall dawn,
I then shall gaze
On Beauty's face,
Only to know its scorn.

But now you stand
Upon the strand
Of Childhood's happy shore:
You soon shall reach
The Briny Beach,
And slowly shall pass o'er—
Pass o'er the Flood
To Womanhood,
While tempests madly roar:
When Childhood's dead,
The Angel's fled,
And gone forevermore.

But on that day,
I firmly pray,
Your bark may safely sail,
And steer her right
With Conscience bright,
Though tossed by Passion's gale.
And when, at last,
Your voyage is past,
And reached the Heavenly shore,
I then shall meet
An Angel sweet,
And love thee—evermore.

THE CHILDLESS LIFE.

As little boy and girl, we played among the flowers;
Light-hearted as the birds, we passed the fleeting hours;
Nor recked the time would come, when man and woman, we,
Sad-hearted and alone, should miss the children's glee;
When, filled with rush of bus'ness, its struggle and its strife,
We'd find there still was something that was lacking in our life.
So we settle down and marry, and wed—both man and dame—
But, bye and bye, we realize that married-life is tame,
For the hearth seems awful dreary—with no children playing 'round—
And our hearts feel—oh! so weary!—for our Ship of Life's aground.
For we really ought to marry to rear an infant race,
Which, when we die, shall tarry—to ably take our place—
And pass the flame of life, sir, on—on—from sire to son,
And finish nobly—grandly—what we ourselves begun.
But still we sit in terror, and view the hearth around,
And see the single error, that our married-life confounds.
If we are young and fearless, God bless our happy fate:
If we are old and cheerless, we wring our hearts—too late.
A childless life, here-after, shall speechless sorrows bring:
Life, without children's laughter, is a cheerless—joyless thing.
And he that will not battle and triumph o'er his foes,
Shall miss the children's prattle, and find unending woes.
For his shall be, full surely, a never-ending strife:
His fate, a WIFELESS SOLITUDE, and childless—homeless—life.

WRITTEN IN LOTTIE'S ALBUM FOR ANOTHER GIRL.

She's fair of form, with azure eyes,
Sweet is her dimpled smile,
Her face is matchless—Beauty's prize—
I love her all the while.
I wish I were a man—sometimes—
That I might cherish her,
But horrid Fate, dear Lot, is mine,
I am—another girl.

THE GIRLS OF THE DRYER.

Dearest Girls of the Dryer, I'm about to retire
To a wider and worthier field,
But I know that your sorrow Will not last till to-morrow,
When I have my departure revealed.

But never mind, Girls, This is a great world—
And a greater than ever you thought—
There are fish in the sea That I do guarantee
Will out-rival the best ever caught.

Some girls wed for greed: 'Tis money they need,
But if you wed gold, you'll regret it;
For it is a true tale: Anything that's for sale
Isn't worthy the trouble to get it.

Take a man that is smart, With a big tender heart,
Who is willing to love and adore you:
He will take you for wife, Make you happy for life,
And you'll live with a FUTURE before you.

If you see a nice gent, And you love him—consent—
If he asks you to wed him, of course.
Be true to your spouse, And build up his house,
And you never will have a divorce.

Farewell for the present; Be happy and pleasant,
For I've loved one and all from the start;
But of one thing be sure, Though I may be a boor,
I have your best interests at heart.

There's a kiss for the pretty ones, And a wish for the witty ones,
And a merry good time for you all.
Oh! never endeavor Our friendship to sever:
May it last till Eternity's call.

And when we get there, In the Land that is fair,
And we live in the realms of the Blest,
Ah! then shall you know, If rightly I trow,
Who it was that has loved you the best.

TO A GIRL WHO STUCK OUT HER TONGUE.

My dear little May, I've got something to say
'Bout the wrong that was certainly done you,
But then you're so pretty and so charmingly witty,
It would be quite a sin for to shun you.

When you stick out your tongue, that's so sweet and so long
(Sugar-coated it must be, I'm sure)
How I'd like for to meet it, and lovingly greet it,
If I could all that sweetness endure.

And I think to myself of a sly kind of pelf,
(For indeed the temptation's so strong)
How I'd like to be near you, both to love and endear you
And sweetly to fondle that tongue.

But the maid I'm addressing may think I'm transgressing,
In presuming her easy to sway,
And the tongue of my stranger prove the Flag of Red Danger,
Just to bid me keep out of the way.

When men go to war—to die by the score,
And perish by fire and sword,
They display a red rag, as a true battle flag—
To show that there's danger abroad.

So with you 'tis, I guess, When anger doth press
On your bosom, and cause it to rise,
Your wrath is so strong that you stick out your tongue,
Like a toad that is catching the flies.

CAMPING.

When Pain and Sorrow rend our brows with woe,
Nature's relief in cooling fountains flow,
And healing tears absolve our hearts of care—
All bitterness dispel that centered there.
When Dull Monotony stagnation brings,
And makes us wish there was an end of things,
We leave the towns, and seek the cooling shades
Of forest-groves, their picturesque scenes and glades
We take Dame Nature to our hearts once more,
Receive her blessing, and the Dame adore.

THE GIRLS OF CALIFORNIA.

The land is fair, and Nature smiles,
And fills the fields with flowers,
And orchard-homes extend for miles—
With beauteous Orange bowers.

Cypress and Myrtle, side by side,
Blend sorrow, too, with pleasure;
And merry maidens with us ride,
And fill our hours of leisure.

The California Girl is sweet
And winsome little creature;
When her caressing form we meet,
Love smiles in every feature.

Oh! how can any man observe
This fairy nymph of fashion,
And all her beauteous charms discern,
And not confess his passion.

If he should chance with loving glance
To clasp her close beside him,
And hold her charms within his arms,
I would not greatly chide him.

I'd surely blame him twice as much,
If tamely he restrains him,
And stands aside, as if to hide
The passion that detains him.

For surging blood within his veins
Is hard enough to master.
Who can control the Ocean's roll?
The lover's heart beats faster.

The maiden loves the man that's bold,
Who "feels his soul grow tender,"
And he who boldly claims her hand,
She holds a mild offender.

But if he once allows to pass
A chance she's slyly given,

She classes him at once an ass:
He never is forgiven.

She loves the Athlete's graceful form,
With all its dash and verve;
She hates the man that hesitates:
She loves the man with "nerve."

She loves the man that's full of fun:
His chorus is her laughter;
The pious youth and solemn truth
Are not what she is after.

Sunshine and laughter, here, are hers:
She has no use for gloom;
Sunshine and "things" make birdies sing,
And make the flowerets bloom.

It turns her mind to thoughts sublime,
Gives us the joy of joys;
Hence 'tis, we find, in a sunny clime,
Women make joyous wives.

BREAKE NOT YE GLASSE.

Gaze not upon ye Looking-Glasse
Too often nor too longe,
Leste thy bleake Stare
And crazie Aire
Shoulde offren yt some Wronge,
And hurte yts Feelings be,
And thy Broke Glasse
Reflecte an Asse
Closely resembling thee.

And then thou'lt saye
In thy Dismaye,
Thy wounded Pride to free,
"Thou foolishe Glasse,
I be no such Asse:
Thou'rt making a Face—at me."

JUSTICE: A REPLY TO DR. WATTS.

I lived at school by Christian rule,
Humbly, devout and meek;
And when my mates did smite my face,
Would turn the other cheek.

It did not work, a fight to shirk;
The boys all proved it, there,
That it was right to stand and fight,
And give your courage air.

For dogs delight to bark and bite:
It is their nature to;
I came to know that blow for blow
Was human nature, too.

My face was raw: they broke my jaw;
They beat me black and blue;
It made me blink: I came to think
The scriptures were not true.

I came to doubt: I soon found out
No settled peace could be,
But that, instead, each man was sped
To armed neutrality.

For if we're subject to abuse,
And see a chance to win,
Like blood-hounds, from a leash turned loose,
We rouse the battle's din.

If meekly we should bend the knee,
Or humbly bow the head,
We soon shall feel the conqueror's heel
Upon our neck, instead.

In Moses' age, that Godlike sage
Did sternly speak this truth:
"Eye for an eye, doth Justice cry,
And tooth shall pay for tooth."

In Pity's eye, no lying sigh
Shall urge me from the right,

For I have grown of moral tone—
Iron-clad with conscience fight.

And though my hand, like iron band,
Will firmly grasp a friend,
At Honor's call, with vim and gall,
My rights I will defend.

And if my foes tread on my toes,
And me in folly rush,
They'll find that skill and vengeance will
Conciliate or crush.

In days of old, a Goddess bold
In Rome's great Forum stood;
A balance grand swung from her hand;
Her sword was red with blood.

And thus, 'twas said, this Image dread
Was oft-times known to stand,
Dispensing Justice in her scales,
But Vengeance from her hand.

THE MAIDEN'S BLESSING.

There is a Maiden, fond and fair,
With azure eyes and golden hair,
Whose face is like the starry sky,
Illumined by her diamond eye.

The lily and the rose entwined
Upon her cheek portray
That Love and Purity's enshrined
Upon that Milky Way.

Whene'er I see those ruby lips,
And on that beauty gaze,
I long to take two little sips
Of honey from that vase.

But when bold Cupid stirs her breast,
And Passion lights her eye,
What man could by her once be blest,
And uncontented die?

THE GOLDEN AGE.

The Golden Age has come, at last,
For which the martyrs prayed and died;
And sin and misery are past:
We all are saints and sanctified.

No more, we meet upon the street
The praying hypocrite,
Or pious knave, already saved
From Hell's grim torture pit.

No, we are told that Job of old,
When tempted, did declare,
He knew that his Redeemer lived—
And fought with fell dispair.

For Job was brave: he knew the grave
Would sometime come to take him.
He also knew that God was true,
And never would forsake him.

He did not say he now was saved:
He did not know for certain.
He only wished Eternal Bliss,
When God should raise the curtain.

The pious fraud has changed his mind,
Nor longer seeks to sever
The purse-string of the poor and blind:
The Devil's dead for ever.

The honest leech does science teach,
And quacks no longer advertise
To cure our ills with drugs and pills,
And poison with their cunning lies.

And now, 'tis said, the women wed
For love—and love—alone—
And seek for bliss in purest kiss,
And are like angels grown.

The lovely things are growing wings,
And soon will heavenward fly:

They long to veer in heavenly sphere,
And mingle—with the sky.

The churchmen pay their debts, they say,
And never try to beat you;
To God, not on their neighbors prey,
And never scheme to cheat you.

No women rash make church—a mash,
Like those of former days,
Nor do they dare make House of Prayer—
The Devil's market-place.

No longer dare the wretch declare,
While coward crowds concur—
"Virtue is sold for yellow gold;
Woman for praise will err."

With Conscience bold, we now are told,
The people are heart-whole;
No more are knaves the Devil's slaves,
Or "things without a soul."

For Conscience right and honor bright
The mass and class control:
Truth conquers all, both great and small,
And tames the narrow soul.

And lovely Nature walks abroad,
A beaming smile upon her face,
And every man and maiden fair
Respect Dame Nature, full of grace.

Religious quacks and fakirs dead,
All error, sure, has passed away.
For Truth, Immortal Truth, instead,
Has come again, and come to stay.

LA PORTE FERMEE.

Quelle est la cause qui me fait si triste?
Est-ce que Je pleure a la mort du Christ?
Non, non, Jolle Amie, il est cette pensee,
Que vous etes le beau ciel—mais la porte fermee.

THE SWEETS OF VENGEANCE.

Nature's applause each man and woman craves:
To live in triumphs—die in honored graves.
Each pulse responds to Nature's quick'ning throb:
None but ourselves can us of pleasure rob.
Each crimson drop of blood exultant lives,
Each quiv'ring nerve ecstatic pleasure gives,
Till grandest satisfaction calms the whole,
And balmy sleep sinks o'er the beatic soul.
Th' insulting tongue, a moment's torture yields,
But Nature, soon, her sovereign will reveals,
And heals our wounded pride, if we obey
The good Dame's prompting to commence the fray.
Stung by the insult, wounded by the slight,
We clench our fists, or wage a wordy fight;
With all our force, the insulting foe defy;
Determined, yet, to conquer or to die;
Content to fall, but happier still to prove
That Sweets of Vengeance rival Sweets of Love.
But if a coward streak involves the mind,
Or we to weaker measures are inclined,
A cank'ring sore does in our conscience dwell,
And wounded Pride soon changes Heav'n to Hell.
Wrongs unredressed, a madd'ning torture yield,
Until the brain-sore is by Vengeance healed.
Our Mother, Nature, tends us all with care;
Our ruptured skin doth faithfully repair;
Our Great Maternal Seamstress daily mends
Our natural garments, like a faithful friend;
And when foul ulcers take our flesh to task,
The Great Physician heals them all, unasked.
But when we foster ulcers of the mind,
She whispers treatment of the needful kind,
And bids us seek salvation of our cause
In mental hygiene and in moral laws.
And if we fail—solicitous to our pain—
She plies us with remorse to try—again;
And never fails us in this mortal life,
Like loving mother, or as faithful wife.
But if, unmindful of the Dame's decrees,
We slight her judgment and unheed her pleas,
A horrid monster, we shall find, instead,
That tortures us by slow degrees—till dead.

Bereft of sleep, we tortured shall remain;
Stung by Remorse, our conscience all in pain;
Sore with Despair, and wounded in our pride;
Our reputation gone, our patience sorely tried;
Our hopes all dead, and blasted in our life;
Insulted daily, and in endless strife;
Brooding, we seek our shattered life to link,
But deeper in despair we hourly sink,
Until, at last, we sink into the grave,
Glad of release, Perdition's weary slave,
And so we die, a prey to Dread Remorse,
Without a friend to weep upon our corse.

PATIENCE.

The watchful Will that waits will win:
Joy follows prayer, and sorrow—sin.
If God delay to hear thy prayer,
Fear not Dismay, nor dread Despair;
For Virtue is its own reward,
And he that loves shall be adored.
The baited hook shall catch the fish,
And he that waits shall win his wish.

Though earthly mothers, their children fail,
And fathers drag their sons to jail,
Of this be sure, though Heav'n may fall,
That God is good and true to all.
With aching heart and brooding brain,
We oft of Providence complain,
And strive with artful schemes to plan
Our Destiny—our Future scan.
Our best attempts are vile pretense—
The Great Designer—Providence.

THE MONKEY.

A Monkey, once, out for a spree,
Did chance a glist'ning pool to see,
And happ'ning in its depths to stare,
Did see another monkey, there.
This monkey tried to stare him down,
Which made our staring Monkey frown.
The frown returned, our Monkey swore
He soon would even up the score,
And in the fight which next befell,
Our Monkey sprang into the well,
And, in his rage and deadly hate,
Did try to find his mirrored mate.
Although one corpse, alone, was found,
Both monkeys in that well were drowned.
Such monkeys, ev'ry day, we meet,
In human form upon the street;
They look into each other's eyes,
Repeat the smile in glad surprise,
And, if perchance, they find a frown,
They try perforce to frown it down,
And thus precipitate a fight
That seldom sets the matter right.
In lust for blood and greed we vie,
While plunging in the thickest fray:
Forgot is ev'ry friendly tie
That binds us to humanity.
Alas! my friends, the smiling face
Will oft the frowning humor chase,
And loyal hearts, enforced by will,
Will bid the storms of life be still,
And with a sense of sin and shame
Will many a fallen friend reclaim.
As when the sun shines in your eyes,
And rifts the clouds in glad surprise,
The gloom of sorrow on your brow
Transforms to smiling Nature now,
And, like a mirror, ev'ry face
Reflects each smile and winning grace.
So seeks the human heart to find
Some other heart, that's not unkind,
But true as steel—that seems to be
In unison and sympathy.

THE KNOCKER.

The man who will quit, when he's wickedly hit,
Or is cowed by the first heavy blow,
Is not of the brand that I'd take by the hand,
Or I'd stake for to stay with a foe.

He's a man who will smile, both with cunning and guile,
And hand you "bull-con" by the peck,
But when you are gone, he will drop all this 'con,"
And land you right hard in the neck.

He will do you up quick with a knock that will stick,
In a way that will give you surprise,
And so slick, that you'd vow, if you chanced along now,
You could hardly believe your own eyes.

He won't stay in a fight for a friend who is "right";
If you ever are knocked in a crowd,
Or are given an ill-fame, he will blacken your name:
He's a quitter, who is easily cowed.

He will "boost" to your face, and claim 'tis disgrace
To ever go back on a friend;
But, just turn your back, and he'll give you a crack.
That will knock you, instead of defend.

He is full of "hot-air," and will loudly declare,
He can lick any man to be found,
But he licks with his tongue, for that's where he's strong:
When he fights, he is whipped in a round.

He will make love to your wife, and, perhaps, take your life
In a cowardly—underhand—way;
But, just show him up, he's a cowardly pup,
Who will not take a chance in a fray.

He's a sneak who will steal, and dishonor reveal:
He's a turn-coat, your honor will slight;
You will find him together with "birds of a feather"—
All "knockers" and "quitters"—on sight.

If you ever should trounce him, and sternly denounce him,
He will quit right away on the spot;
So show him no mercies, knock him hard, give him curses,
And hand it him good red and hot.

FROM LOVE TO HATE.

Within this Valentine you'll find
A story wrought in Black and Gold,
That tells of a love, once warm and kind,
But now grown cruel and cold.

Say! can you feel the sentiment
Upon these snowy pages wrought?
Each line holds some philosophy,
Some deep and heart-felt thought.

* * * * * * * *

Say, Dearest Lu, what fools we are!
At—last we find ourselves at war.
In every nerve and every vein,
Hatred has come supreme to reign.
In spite of all our Will's command,
Hatred leaps forth in grip of hand,
And in our eyes, the glance of Hate,
Has caused "dear friends" to separate.
And yet we swore that once we'd be
True friends through all Eternity,
And little thought that Love would be
The end of "friends" for you and me;
And when we came to separate,
That "Cruel Love" would turn to Hate.
So, Dearest Lu, I know not why
I loved you once, and hate you now.
And that, in spite of every vow,
I curse where once I used to sigh.
Yet, when I speak to womankind,
I say that Lu is sweet and kind.
But when I meet a man, I say,
"She cannot make a woman's play,
And have me humbly come her way:
I will not be her dog.
But, face to face, I'll tell her why
She is degraded in my eye,
And not a mate for you or I:
Her memory I'll jog.
And yet she's honest, true and good—
I want that to be understood—
For, Mr. Man, I don't throw mud."

But why this change? I can't tell why,

Yet humor twinkles in my eye.
If she should make the faintest stir,
I know I've got the best of her.
She says that she can use a whip:
Good God! I'd like to see it flip!
For Hatred fills us through and through:
I want to fight, and so does Lu.
Give me a true and noble friend,
Who will my honest name defend
Also a foe, as true as steel,
To call me down, and make me feel,
And deal me stagg'ring blow for blow,
And cause the crimson blood to flow.
But damn a man, whose flatt'ring tongue
Calls me his friend, and does me wrong;
And like the meanest cur, we find,
Smiles to my face, and—stabs behind.

VENGEANCE: VIRTUE OR VICE.

Tempt not the wrath of Heav'n too far,
Whenever you revengeful are;
Think that revenge, by Heav'n unsped,
Recoils upon the Avenger's head.
Vengeance—like Virtue in excess—
Doth turn to Vice and Bitterness.

UNION: AN EPITAPH.

Here lie, beneath this marble slab,
Two lovers, side by side.
They were united, while they lived—
United, when they died.

They were a loving couple, till
Eclopis cut the thread.
And who shall say they love not still,
Beneath this flowery bed?

For though their hearts have ceased to beat,
They, in the violets, bloom;
And ashes that composed them once
Have risen from the tomb.

An omen, from the grave, to tell
How, on Elysium's shore,
They wander in some flowery dell,
And love—to part no more.

CURSE NOT THE KING.

Boast not of prowess, nor of deeds you've wrought,
Lest by misfortune thou be brought to naught.
Curse not the King, nor any mighty lord,
Ev'n within thy closet's inmost ward,
Lest some ill-omened bird should thee betray,
And blaze thy secrets in the light of day;
And thou be into some vile prison cast,
To—there—with tears, lament thy mournful past,
And—there—resolve, should blessed freedom come,
NEVER AGAIN to slander anyone;
But, in the prison of thy mind,
To keep thy secrets from mankind,
For many men have lost the day
By giving their own thoughts away.
So, in the Prison of thy Heart,
Thy thoughts securely keep,
Lest thou to others them impart,
And thou have cause to weep.

MRS. MANLY ESQUIRE.

There's a dame at the Dryer, Mrs. Manly Esquire,
Who's as clumsy as clumsy can be,
For she walks with a start, and her limbs fly apart
In a way that is painful to see.

And here, I would state, it's her masculine gait,
To which I have now just referred,
For it's part of my tale that she strides like a male,
And not like the feminine herd.

Her shoes are so big, I believe that a pig
Could reside within one—quite at ease--
But in case he should fail, I would venture a sail
In the other upon the high seas.

She is homely, I doubt, and a fool and a lout,
And of brains she is wofully lacking,
With a mouth like a spout, or a pig's vicious snout,
Or the beak of a duck that is quacking.

But how can I tell quite so much of this belle?
Have I analyzed her mental mixture?
No, Gents, but I took just one look at her snoot,
And then got inspired by her picture.

TO TESSIE.

My Dearest Tess and sweetest Fate,
We've tried—tried hard—to separate.
We've promised—both—we would forget,
And cut it out without regret;
But still thy figure haunts my eye:
No other form doth satisfy.
Oh! how I long for thy sweet face
And all thy sweet and queenly grace.

Come, cut it out, let's both forget:
Let's cut it out—without regret.
We can't forget, though hard we try:
No other form does satisfy;
For in this room we pledged our troth:
Till Death shall come, we'll keep our oath.
No matter, too, how hard we try,
We'll ne'er forget until we die.

TO LOTTIE.

My dear little Lot,
You cute little Tot,
You're sweet as a woman can be;
That you twinkle your eye,
Whenever I'm nigh,
Is plain to a "man up a tree".

Then your eyes seem to dance
In a mischievous glance,
As if you had reason to doubt me;
And then you will smile
To yourself for awhile,
As though you knew something about me.

You straighten your face,
The smile to erase,
If I happen the snicker to spy;
And your eyelid will blink
With a sly little wink,
Whenever I'm passing you by.

Dearest Lot, tell me why
Do you twinkle your eye?
And what do you know bad about me?
Why smile? And why wink?
And why do you think
You have any occasion to doubt me?

TO A HAUGHTY MAIDEN.

Say, Maiden fair, with haughty air,
Who deem yourself above me,
Did you but know this man, I trow,
You could not fail to love me.
But, dearest Dame, in Friendship's name,
A moment longer tarry—
Did you but see this soul's decree,
You would not dare to marry.

GOOD-BYE, DEARIE.

Good-bye, Dearie,
My heart is weary:
I'm—going—away.
My Sweetest Fairy,
You're too contrary:
I—can—not—stay.

For Love I pleaded:
'Twas you I needed.
You—told—me—nay.
My heart is broken,
And by this token
I've—gone—away.

Stone-hearted Beauty,
I've done my duty:
Have—your—own—way.
I'll ne'er forget thee;
You will regret me—
When—far—away.